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Providence Independent

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THE BOYCOTTER'S DREAM.

Deacon Narragage supposed himself to be a devout christian. He was prominent in church work, active in the revivals, a liberal contributor to home and foreign missions, and a recognized pillar of the church in the village of Discordia. He took one newspaper devoted to the interests of his own denomination and one which was an organ of the political party to which he belonged. On matters religious or political he read only one side and never deemed the other worthy of attention. He saw little virtue and less religion in other denominations, and as for the men who differed with him in politics, he always thought they, or at least the majority of them, ought to be in the state's prison. He never believed any statement made by them in matters political. They differed with him, therefore they must be wrong; and that was all there was to be said about it.

Time at last brought a change in the administration. The party to which the deacon belonged was beaten; and the deacon supposed the country was gone to the bad. He gazed out from prejudiced eyes upon a nation which was henceforth a mere ruin, hardly fit to be a temporary refuge for the saints who had here no abiding place or continuing city even when they had things their own way. The new administration did not at one fell swoop turn out all the postmasters who were the appointees of the defeated party. The post office at Discordia was of the fourth class; and after several months the postmaster-general appointed a postmaster there who was in political accord with the party in power. The new appointee differed with the deacon in politics, belonged to a different church, and disagreed with him on nearly all questions of village policy. They had been opposed to each other on the road tax question, the schoolhouse site question, the goose ordinance question, and on the great issue as to whether the Union Sunday school picnic should be held on Methodist hill or in Baptist hollow. So the deacon regarded his appointment as the death-blow to any honest and efficient postal service in Discordia. He declares his purpose of sending all his letters to be mailed at the railway station a few miles distant, and advised several of his neighbors and brethren to do the same. To avoid visiting the post office they arranged with one of the merchants in town that he should receive their mail at the post office, bring it to his store and there distribute the mail matter to each of the neighbors who had confederated with the deacon to withhold their patronage from the new postmaster. They succeeded in making serious inroads on his scant compensation by diminishing his box rents and cancellations. At the same time they took occasion to make complaints against him for every slight detention or trifling irregularity in their mails, and often censured him for delays and errors which were not his fault.

It never occurred to Deacon Narragage during all this period that he was not an exemplary christian. He used to pray in the Wednesday night meetings with great fervor for the reign of peace and righteousness to come. He would exhort the brethren to put away all strife, all evil speaking, and to cultivate the graces of charity and neighborly kindness and good will, and the expatiated with faltering voice on his growth in grace and the serene joy of his soul in his triumphs over the old Adam of sin.

One evening the deacon sat up quite late drafting an earnest remonstrance of the citizens of Discordia against the poor and demoralized postal service which the government had inflicted upon the aforesaid good citizens of Discordia in and by reasons of the recent appointment of John Totherside as postmaster, whereby the patrons of the office had felt obliged to send their letters a considerable distance to post them; and to make arrangements at their own expense to secure the distribution of mail matter addressed to them. He had conferred with several of his neighbors, who were as dissatisfied as himself, and pursuant to their suggestion had prepared his broadside to be fired at the new postmaster.

The labor of composition was rather difficult to the deacon and it strained his mind a little, so that when he went to bed his brain was a little over excited by the effort. He fell at last into a troubled sleep, and his over-heated

brain wrought a dream. He dreamed that he had died and that his immortal part approached the gates of the Celestial city. He felt the serene confidence of a life member in an agricultural society as he enters the fair ground. He had no idea that his credentials would for a moment be questioned. He was surprised to be stopped at the portals and required to give his name. St. Peter called an angel to his side and said, "Tell the recording angel to come hither with his book." There was a flapping of wings sweet in sound as dulcet music. A balmy air of sweetest fragrance was wafted as a zephyr out of the gate, and the sound of harps and of the anthems of the redeemed was borne in delightful melody to his ear. The deacon felt a thrill of joy as he anticipated the glories of which he was to be a sharer forever and forever.

Presently the recording angel came bringing the book. St. Peter said to him, "Here is one calling himself Deacon Narragage. He cometh from the planet earth, and from a place thereon called, in the tongue of mortal, Discordia. See if there be aught against him set down in the book." The recording angel turned over the leaves and looked up with a pitying eye. "What do you find?" asked St. Peter. "I find a serious charge," answered the angel. "O, Keeper of the Keys of Heaven," he continued, "this soul cannot enter. It has no part or lot with the just made perfect."

"Dear angel," groaned the deacon, "O, do not say so! For many years on earth I was a believer, a follower, a deacon of the church militant; I prayed often and earnestly; I exhorted; I gave of my store to aid in spreading the gospel; I was accounted among men as a bright and shining light, and I had faith in all the promises. What have I done to debar me from entrance here?"

St. Peter looked over the angel's shoulder and glanced at the entry in the book.

"Thou hast boycotted a postmaster," answered he, with a look of sorrowful reproach.

"But that was not a sin," ejaculated the trembling deacon.

"Not a sin? Not a sin?" retorted the saint as he shook the great key in his hand. "Think you it is no sin to hate your neighbor, to do him despite, to seek to deprive him of the recompense small and pitiful which is bestowed for his duty to you and your neighbors? Think you it is no sin to put yourself to pains-taking trouble to deprive your neighbor of a living, when for each mean action you cheat him out of only 1 cent—rob a man of a cent at a time? Humph, a pretty christian, a most exemplary deacon."

"But, but, I, I, I did not like his appointment as postmaster," faltered the deacon.

"But, but, but," replied St. Peter, "but he was your neighbor, and you tried to do him despite. He was appointed to serve you and you tried to deprive him of his recompense. He was a poor man and you sought to turn away from him his daily bread. You were unjust to him and found fault without a cause. You did this not for avarice, not to benefit yourself—that were some excuse—but you did it in mean, soul-shivering uncharitableness. You did it professing to be a christian, an example of that religion whose essence is brotherly love, neighborly kindness, good will to men. Out upon thee! There is no room for thee in the many mansions of my Father. But in the dark, deep recesses of hades, in the gloomiest, most cheerless avenue of despair, there is a new ward fitted up for the 'Boycotter of the postmaster.' There you will seek your abode. There you will remain for millions of cycles of ages. Since it affords you amusement to hate and do small-souled spite to your neighbors, you will find there kindred spirits and abundant time to plan your schemes of petty malice. Away with thee! Away! Begone!"

With a howl of despair the deacon turned away. He was then seized from behind by some unseen power and hurled down, down, down through infinite space. At last he struck upon a huge bank of pulverized brimstone, and, as soon as he rallied his dazed faculties, he looked about him. Close by were the gates of hell, standing wide open. He heard groans, shrieks, wails of despair. Hardly had he alighted when an imp of darkness, terrible to look upon, of most loathsome aspect, seized him by the shoulder and hurried the terrified creature within the gates.

As he entered the space within, the fiend shouted in a voice of hoarse, demonic exultation, "Deacon Narragage, of Discordia, America; planet earth; doomed to hell for boycotting his postmaster."

He hurried the deacon forward, and soon, as the gusts of sulphurous smoke cleared away for an instant, the shivering culprit saw sitting on a throne of fire and flame the Prince of the Power of Darkness. The imp dragged the cowering wretch to the foot of the throne.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Satan, as he looked on the miserable creature. "Deacon, I caught you at last. Your soul was a small one at best, hardly worth the pains; but you did so much good talk on earth that you bothered my business. I laid for you, and, ha, ha, ha, he, he, he! I caught you. The boycotting bait was a nice one. I've caught so many on that bait that I have had to open a new ward in the 'Small Souls' division' to take in my victims. Ha, ha, ha! That was one of my best tricks, setting the saints to boycotting their postmasters. Take this soul to its reward, ha, ha, ha!"

The deacon, with groans and howls of anguish, was hurried forward. The heat became more intolerable. The fire flames leaped higher, and the dense volume of smoke rose denser. The groans, shrieks, howls, wails, curses, and the demonic laugh of the imps rose on all sides and from the vasty deep below. The poor deacon was hurried on, on, past the "Hypocrites Ward." He went by a ward where the self-righteous Pharisee looked out at him. He looked in another upon the Levite, who saw the man wounded and went by on the other side. He saw the slanderous, wagging their tongues in malicious venom against their neighbors. He saw the stirrers-up of strife trying vainly to cause contention among others. He noticed that the farther he went in that division the smaller and more shrunken and shriveled were the souls in torment. At last he came to the entrance to a pit, or rather a crevice in a pit, over which was the legend: *Boycotters of Postmasters!* They love not their neighbor. They sought to deprive him of bread. They robbed him, not for their own gain, of a cent at a time; and took pains to deprive him of pennies. *They are the smallest souls in the confines of hell.*

Just then the attendant imp seized the deacon by the ear and held him over the pit. The poor victim shrieked and struggled, and the imp laughed as he dangled the lost one for a moment over his place of final torment. Before dropping him he gave one terrible shake, and the deacon—awoke.

His wife was tugging at his ear, exclaiming: "Wake up, Samuel, wake up. You've got an awful nightmare."

The deacon was in a drenching sweat. He trembled; and it took him several minutes to satisfy himself that he was not in fact in the "Boycotters' Ward of the Small Souls' Division" in the bottomless deep of perdition.

It is needless to remark that he tore up the earnest remonstrance, discontinued his spiteful efforts to injure his neighbor, and, to make some amends for his past behavior, he mailed more letters at the post office during the next fortnight than he had written before in five years. He bestirred himself to raise the boycott on the poor postmaster, and his example was soon followed by all.—*United States Mail.*

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

THEY TAKE A SUNDAY TRIP OUT TO THE PARK.

"I think we'll go out to the park to-morrow," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his cigar.

"But won't it be dreadful crowded?" I queried.

"There you go! You are always ready to oppose anything I suggest."

"I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to meet with many lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary, I have always boasted of how orderly it was. I guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen."

"Well, if you think we had best go, who—"

"Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, and at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surroundings."

"And you—you won't get mad?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything on me?"

"Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain let me know and I'll have a medical examination."

After dinner next day was made a start. I think Mr. Bowser started with firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost immediately to upset him. The street car was jam-full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in. In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's corn, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and a third person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would charter a special car when he wanted to ride. This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor:

"Does the manager of this line think we are a lot of hogs that we can be packed in an old car this way?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Then you'd better find out! It's an insult on decent people, and I for one don't propose to submit to it!"

"Thaz rize, ole feller!" shouted a half-drunken man from the front of the car.

"Go in, old bay window!" added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform:

We finally got down to the boat. It was black with humanity, and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser elbowed people right and left and I followed. After being crowded, pushed, jammed, squeezed and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, that shows all you know about it. There's no crowd on this boat. She could carry as many again."

"But what a rough set of people!"

"No rougher than we are. You simply want to find fault and make me uncomfortable."

Just at that moment a tough came up, and looked Mr. Bowser over from crown to heel, and then said:

"You look like the bloke who threw mud at me little sister last May."

"Sir! You are mistaken!" replied Mr. Bowser.

"What'er you doin' with all that stoile on?" demand the tough as he brought his arm around and gave Mr. Bowser's hat a "swat" which sent it flying to the deck.

Mr. Bowser grabbed him and there would have been a fight had not a number of men interfered. When the hat was recovered it had a shoulder-blade and three ribs broken, and in the brief clinch, the tough had torn away Mr. Bowser's necktie.

"I am sorry we came," I said as I got a chance to speak to him. "You know I told you I thought it would be very unpleasant."

"Yes, of course you are very sorry! You can't bear to see me enjoy myself! I wasn't aware that anything unpleasant had occurred."

In getting off the boat at the island some one stepped on my dress-skirt and nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's hat was crushed down over his eyes and some one picked his cigar-case out of his coat-tail pocket. We finally got out of the crowd and wandered away until we reached a shady spot, and then it did seem as if we might take some comfort. I began to express my sympathy for Mr. Bowser, when he turned on me with:

"When I want to be consoled with I'll let you know. Thus far we have had a real good time, and I don't want to hear any more kicking about it."

"This is the sylvan retreat you spoke of, I suppose?" I remarked as I looked around and saw cigar stubs, playing cards, pretzels, beer, bottle corks and a rusty old cork-screw lying on the grass.

He didn't say. He was going to, when a couple of young men came that way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser for a match to light their clay pipes. He didn't have any, and one of them said:

"Well, yer don't have to be so crusty about it. We are just as good as you. And a blamed sight better, Jim!"

added the other. "I've seen this old bungee up here every Sunday this summer, and he's always had a different woman with him! He's up to snuff and don't you forget it."

Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them piled on to him and I screamed and brought assistance. They split his coat up the back, tore his collar off and tore three buttons off his vest, and as they went away they threatened to come back and finish him off.

"Mr. Bowser," I said, after the crowd had started, "hadn't we better go home?"

"No, ma'am, we hadn't! I came out here to enjoy myself, and I'm bound to do so."

I coaxed and argued, but he was obstinate, and pretty soon something else happened. A gang of five or six men came along ripe for mischief, and one of them halted before Mr. Bowser and inquired:

"Shay, ole fel, I lost a dollar here about an hour ago, and you picked it up."

"You are mistaken, sir."

"Course he did," put in a second tough, "and he's got to give it up!"

"I haven't seen anything of your dollar!" hotly replied Mr. Bowser, and the gang was making threats, when I ran for help.

Before I got back they had rolled Mr. Bowser on the grass, taken all his change away, and cuffed him about until he presented a sad sight. Then the policeman who had come too late advised him:

"Say, old man, you'd better go home. You've had five or six rows within an hour, and I shall have to run you in if you don't leave. You are evidently a desperate character."

Mr. Bowser beckoned to me and led the way to the boat. On the way down he was pointed out as Sullivan and Kilrain, and every lady had a gig at him. At the wharf he hired a hack to take us home, and not one word would he speak to me all the way up. When we finally got into the house he locked the door of the sitting-room and sat down in front of me and said:

"Mrs. Bowser, look at me!"

"Yes, it's awful. I was afraid it would turn out this way."

"And yet nothing would do but you must go?"

"Why, I didn't want to go one step!"

"Take care! You are to blame for this whole business! I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. Make out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of the alimony."

We didn't settle, however. He felt better next day, and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up.

Doing Men's Jobs.

It is always interesting to see how a woman does a man's work.

There is a slat off the garden fence, and the woman who owns the fence thinks that she will fix it. She gets a hammer, and a saw, and some nails, and some old gloves, and fastens up the house for fear a tramp may come along while she is out. Then she looks up the street and down the street, to see if anybody is in sight, and then she climbs bravely over the wall, and catches her skirt in a sharp rock, and pulls down half a hundred stones after her, and springs to avoid them. She steps on a stick, and thinks it is a snake, and screams, and scares the hens half to death, and some of them run under the woodshed, and some of them fly up on the roof of the barn, and some of them scoot over the fence into Johnson's yard. Johnson's dog pulls out their tail feathers, and a feud springs up between the two families which will extend to the third and fourth generations of the tribe.

The woman gets the pailing in position, and holds it at the bottom with her knee while she nails it at the top. Any fool can drive a nail? Why, of course. She lifts the hammer and strikes with a will. The nail turns dexterously to one side, to avoid the blow, and the woman's thumb-nail turns black, because it was in the way when the hammer fell, and because she didn't happen to take it out of the way.

She has to go back to the house to get some arnica and some camphor, and by the time they have been applied, and that thumb has stopped aching, the tin peddler calls, and wants to give her five cents for the rags she

has been industriously saving for a year, and which she has felt all along it was such an economical thing to do.

By the time the peddler has gone, the minister calls to talk to her about mission work in China, and by the time he has departed there is a boy to sell blueberries, and a woman with the "History of the Johnstown Horror," and by that time it is noon.

After dinner the woman starts out once more to fix that pailing. She takes some more nails, and feels determined to conquer. She pounds and pounds, and the nails go in skewing and break off, and at last the hammer flies off from the handle, and it takes half an hour to put on again, and all the nails she has brought with her to wedge it in place.

Then she applies herself to business once more, and attacks the pailing with renewed vigor. She nails it this time, and stands back to survey her work. Somehow it doesn't look just right, and she discovers that she has put it on wrong end up. That is easier said than done. When a woman does a thing she does it to stay done, and before she can get all these broken and crooked, and skewed nails out, the pailing is split into kindling wood, and the rails to which it is nailed look as if they had been subjected to a fusillade from a gattling-gun.

And as the last nail gives way before her frantic endeavors, she lets go, or rather the pailing lets go, so suddenly, that she loses her balance and falls backward into the ditch which some enterprising devotee of thorough drainage has excavated, and she wrenches her back, and tears her dress, and wets both of her feet, and crushes her hat and scrambles out, just as Mrs. Jones, with whom she is at sword's point, rides by with company from the city, and laughs at her predicament.

Then that woman is mad, and she sticks a piece of wood in that fence, and vows it may stay there, for what she cares, till the crack of doom. Then she gathers up her tools and goes home. Next time when there is a fence to be mended, she will give the carpenter half a dollar for an hour's work, and feel that she is saving money.

The Spread of the Sparrow.

According to the most authentic information that can be obtained, the English sparrow was first brought to this country in 1850, when eight pairs were imported into Brooklyn by directors of the Brooklyn Institute. They were liberated in the spring of 1851, but did not thrive. The next year a large number was imported. Fifty were let loose at the Narrows, and in the spring of 1853 the rest were liberated in Greenwood Cemetery, and a man was hired to watch them. They did well and multiplied. In 1854 and 1858 sparrows were introduced at Peacedale, R. I. Some of these birds escaped in Boston, but nothing was heard of them, and it was ten years later when they were first let loose on the Boston Common. Twelve birds were liberated in Madison Square, New York, in 1860, and four years afterward they were introduced to Central Park. In 1866, 200 sparrows were set free in Union Square. The following year forty pairs were let loose in New Haven, Conn., and a colony was established in Galveston, Texas. In 1869, 1000 sparrows were imported in one lot by the Municipal Government of Philadelphia, this being probably the largest single importation of sparrows ever made to this country.

By this time the "craze" for the saucy little sparrows had become fully developed, and they were rapidly colonized in all parts of the country. Some idea of the marvelous rapidity of the sparrow's multiplication, the swiftness of its extension and the size of the area it has overspread may be gained from the fact that at the close of the year 1866 it had established itself in thirty-five States and five Territories, occupying a total area of 885,000 square miles in the United States and about 148,000 square miles in Canada.

In 1886 alone the sparrow spread over 516,500 square miles. It is a hardy, prolific and aggressive bird, intelligent and with more than ordinary cunning. It is domestic and gregarious in habit, and through the protection afforded by proximity to man it escapes nearly all the enemies which check the increase of native birds. Beside all this the sparrow had food and shelter provided for it for many years.—*N. Y. Times.*

Origin of Star Spangled Banner.

"This song was composed under the following circumstances: A gentleman had left Baltimore under a flag of truce for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his, who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was, therefore, brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate, the *Surprise*, and was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort McHenry, which the Admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day with an anxiety that can be better felt than described, until the night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the proudly-waving flag of his country."

It was, therefore, while pacing his own ship, the *Minden*, that this song was composed. When Key was first taken prisoner he and his friend, Mr. Skinner, were brought before Admiral Cochran, who informed them that he regretted he could not accommodate them on his own vessel, the *Royal Oak*, but they would be as well taken care of on his son's vessel, the *Surprise*, where they were accordingly taken, but were afterwards conveyed to the *Minden*, where Key composed this immortal song. All through the long night Key could hear the roar of the bombs as they tore through the air, but no explosion followed, and he was left in painful doubt until dawn as to the fate of his beloved country. Before it was light enough he turned to see if his flag "was still there," and he was rewarded by seeing the beautiful Stars and Stripes still floating on the soft morning air. It was at this moment that Key, completely carried away by the excitement of the hour, wrote the "Star Spangled Banner." In hunting for paper he could only find the back of several letters in his pocket, and it was as if on odds and ends this glorious song of liberty was written. In the meantime he had landed in Baltimore where he completed his work, and the next morning he took his maiden piece to Judge Nicholson, his brother-in-law. The Judge was so struck with its force and beauty that he had it sent immediately to the printer, and within one hour it was printed on hand-bills and all over the city. Every one was wild about it, and it at once took its place as the song.

The Cowboy of Chili.

The "Huaso" is a distinctive person of Chili, answering somewhat to the Guacho of Eastern South America. He spends his life mounted on his horse, which the manages with consummate skill, his occupation—when he has one—usually being cattle driving on the "haciendas," or farms of the country. More than half Indian, dark, silent, fierce, he is an unpleasant individual to meet at night in a lonely country road, for he is unscrupulous and ready with his knife, especially when, as is frequently the case, he has imbibed a quantity of "aquardiente" in the low drinking places of the town. A wide hat of well-worn straw shades his unshaven face; a "poncho"—in appearance like a striped blanket with a whole in its centre, through which his head emerges—conceals his shabby dress. From his heels project monstrous spurs, cruel as the powerful bit which renders his horse obedient to a touch. At his saddle, of Mexican pattern, hangs the "lasso," his implement of office, in the use of which he is astonishingly dexterous. His high leather boots rest in gigantic wooden stirrups—blocks of carved wood—which protect his feet from the press of cattle.—*All the Year Round.*

All is not joy and sweet content even at the seaside resorts. Here is a note culled from an Eastern paper. "The saddest summer resort in Maine this week is Higgin's Beach, where a dead whale came without any invitation and occupies altogether too much of the air to suit other summer visitors."

Boarder to landlady: "This meal is enough to make a pig sick."

Landlady to boarder: "I do not wonder, then, that you are nauseated."

Providence Independent.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.
Thursday, October 3, 1889.

NEXT Tuesday the Democratic brethren of Montgomery will form a county ticket, and then rhetoric and oratory will flow freely until election day.

THE State Fair is in progress at York. The exhibition of farm products, choice breeds of horses, cattle, swine, &c., is said to be extensive.

It is estimated at the Treasury Department that there has been a decrease of \$13,500,000 in the public debt since the first of September.

THE election for State officers and Congressmen, in the new States, Tuesday, resulted in a Republican victory in the two Dakotas and Democratic success in Montana.

THAT New York monument is on the way. It may be built within the next century, since the committee of expert architects appointed by the Great Monument Association for the purpose of selecting the five best designs have made their report.

THE resolution lately adopted by the college faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, "that students be admitted without distinction of sex to all the courses of the college faculty," furnishes additional evidence that the ark of civilization is moving on.

THE annual meeting of the Civil Service Reform League was held in Philadelphia, beginning of the present week. On Tuesday evening George William Curtis, the distinguished champion of reform addressed a large audience in Association Hall. Mr. Curtis scored the present administration severely for not keeping faith with the pledges made prior to last fall's election. The politicians will smile at George William Curtis and pocket the spoils of office, yet he is undoubtedly an honest-minded reformer.

KANSAS MORTGAGES!
For several years past considerable eastern capital has been invested in 7 per cent. Kansas and other Western mortgages. It is estimated that \$250,000 has been placed in western securities by residents of this country. Nearly or quite all the investments have been made through the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of Kansas which assumed to guarantee both principal and interest, and which represents invested capital in eastern Pennsylvania to the amount of at least \$500,000.

The report in circulation, the past week, that the Company was in financial straits and unable to pay the interest due, much less the principal, has created a profound sensation in monied circles, and the agent of the company, F. G. Hobson Esq., of this place, has been frequently interviewed by anxious investors. It is claimed that on account of poor crops in Kansas the interest due on the mortgages is not forthcoming, and that as a consequence the Company being unable to bear the strain imposed upon it, is seriously embarrassed in spite of the enormous profits accruing from the business of placing mortgages at a high rate of interest.

The Company wanted to get rich fast, the stockholders wanted big dividends, and the natural result of abnormal business methods, of course, is disastrous.

To sum up the situation briefly: It is more than probable that the Company is in fact a failure. True, its present difficulties may be tied over by taxing the stockholders. But will the stockholders, many of whom are likely to lose heavily at best, respond favorably?

Those who hold Kansas mortgages are safe, provided the land mortgaged in Kansas is worth in dollars the face value of the mortgages. Those of our monied citizens who called in their safe home investments and placed their money in Kansas mortgages with a view of reaping rich rewards will of course take matters as philosophically as possible, and wait for a turn in the tide.

WASHINGTON LETTER.
From our regular correspondent.
WASHINGTON D. C., Sept. 27, 1889.—Corporal Tanner's just published letter to "Private" Dalzell, of Ohio, reflecting upon his removal from Commissioner of Pension kills what little chance he had of retaining even the pretended friendship of the administration. The letter is marked "confidential," and there is a postscript asking the Private not to say anything about it, but that will hardly save Mr. Tanner, who ought

to know Dalzell thoroughly. It was while Mr. Tanner was in office that Dalzell published his letter informing all old soldiers that they were entitled to certain additional bounty, to which the law gives no title whatever. That letter created an enormous amount of trouble to the Treasury department and the Pension office alike, and was deemed at the time to be little less than a deliberate sensational lie, or else Dalzell must have been crazy when he wrote it. Dalzell is a blatherskite and Mr. Tanner should have known it. Yet he wrote a confidential letter to him, reflecting upon the administration.

If the letter as published, is correct, it shows how little Mr. Tanner understands the actual workings of the Pension Bureau. He writes to Dalzell this among other things: "My second order was thereafter in the settlement of a pension claim the word of a private, if he was a man of good character and standing, should amount to as much in the settlement of a claim as the word of a man who has worn shoulderstraps." Though the testimony of a commissioned officer was for years demanded, where it could be supplied, the testimony of reputable privates has not for the last ten years, been regarded as of less weight than that of a reputable commissioned officer and there never was a time when the uncorroborated testimony of one commissioned officer would establish the origin of a disability in service. Owing to the defective and bungling English in one of the Pension Bureau's official circulars it would seem as if the testimony of an officer was of more value than that of a private, but Corporal Tanner should know better.

In fact Mr. Tanner misunderstands the nature of his own order. His order was to the effect that the evidence of one comrade, "taken in connection with the testimony of the claimant himself if reputable," should be sufficient in any case, thus throwing the granting of a pension practically upon the uncorroborated testimony of one man, for it would be bad law as well as bad equity to hold that the claimants statement could be regarded as evidence. The rule that two disinterested witnesses are required to establish a fact as to any claim against the government permeates the departmental practice and Mr. Tanner's childish effort to make the claimant himself such as a "witness" was well met by Secretary Noble's reversal. In supposing that the uncorroborated testimony of one commissioned officer was enough to establish origin in pension claims, Mr. Tanner betrays only a small portion of his delirious and extensive ignorance.

The official announcement from Dear Park of Ex-Congressman Warner's unqualified refusal of the Commissioner of Pensions leaves that vexed question as far from settlement as ever and there is no prospect that the President will settle the matter until his return to Washington, which he does well, by the way, to make as early as possible, if he is not callous to the criticism of his unreasonably long absence from the seat of government. In the meantime the Commissioner'ship is an unsolved problem.

The Republican Congressman who happen to be in the city are regaining hope with the President's announcement that he will return to Washington to-morrow, probably. For several weeks there has been bitter complaint on the part of visiting Congressmen at the alleged unnecessary delay of departmental officials in the settlement of local officers. At the Post-office department everyone seems afraid to move in the absence of assistant Postmaster General Clarkson and in other departments the officials will not put forward hand or foot save at the order of the President. The Republican politicians of all classes are clamorous for the immediate turning over of all offices held by Democrats, and in states like Ohio the danger threatens in no uncertain tones, for the people will hold their representatives in Congress personally responsible. These representatives, in their turn, rush on to Washington, and do their best and meet defeat.

The improvements in the magnificent residence purchased by Vice-President Morton are approaching completion, and it is said that the Mortons will make Washington their permanent winter home, abandoning their city house in New York.

Shot at Target Practice.

A MEMBER OF THE FOURTH REGIMENT ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

ALLENTOWN, September 30.—A distressing accident, resulting in the death of Mathias Gruber, a married man with a family, occurred at noon to-day. He and two other members of Company B, Fourth Regiment, were target shooting on the company's range just outside of the city limits. While Achilles Becker, son of a retired Reformed clergyman, was shooting at 500 yards Gruber acted as marker at the target. He was given the signal to move further away from the target, but he misunderstood it and got nearer. Just then Becker fired and the ball struck Gruber, passing completely through his body. He was taken some in a wagon and died in three hours.

Like Some One We Know.
"Mamma," said Willie, "will Deacon Jenks go to heaven when he dies?"
"I think so."
"Well, I hope he won't."
"Why, do you have such naughty hopes, dear?"
"Because if he gets there he will want to run the whole place."

The Pension Issue Stated.
The veterans' view of pensions is expressed by Secretary Noble thus: "I was a soldier myself, and I want to see every old soldier get a pension who deserves one under the law; I want him to get the amount allowed him by law, and in the exact order of time prescribed by the law." This is common sense. Nobody objects to a just pension to any good soldier. But patriotic men do not wish to see the flood gates of sentiment let open and the wilderness of Grand Army feeling run riot in the Pension Office. The soldier must be treated justly, but not extravagantly. We believed in soldiers like Secretary Noble.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

One of Chicago's arguments in favor of having the World's Fair is that 3,732,244 hogs were slaughtered in that city in 1888.

The young ladies of Burnett, Wis., have formed "The Heavenly Foot" society, the object of which is to do away with the practice of wearing a number 2 shoe on a number 5 foot. The object is about as praiseworthy as the majority of such societies now existing.

A colored girl attacked a church congregation at Goodland, Va., with a razor, saying the devil was in the people and she was going to cut them open to get at him and cut his throat. She was overpowered before doing any damage.

The four new States bring in an area about equal to that of all New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Kentucky and Indiana combined. It is an area three times as great as the British Isles.

An Iowa man has a theory that sunshine can be bottled up or imprisoned in such a way that it can be utilized on gloomy days. He has built a great tank for storing it, but it looks a little queer to see him groping about with a lantern to ascertain how his sunshine is getting on.

William Bell, Assistant Surveyor of the Post Office Department of England is in this country examining our postal system. He expresses surprise that the railway companies here carry the inspectors and mail clerks free. In England all postal employees have to pay their fare and are reimbursed by the department.

Every stranger in Washington is much astonished to see the way in which the shanties of the poor blacks are mixed in with the handsome residences of the fashionable quarter. One colored family sold its shanty and small piece of land in the most valuable district only last week for \$65,000.

The average number of fires in New York is 2,800 a year, or about seven a day. Of these one-half are due to heating apparatus, chimneys, stoves, and boilers, and the other half are due to electric lights, gas, matches and the use of kerosene. The number of incendiary fires in a year in New York is about fifty.

If Columbus were alive to-day, says the New York Sun, and if his contract of April 17, 1492, with Ferdinand and Isabella were sustained by the American courts, he would be enjoying an income of about \$16,000,000 a year from the bullion product of the Western Hemisphere, to say nothing of his one-tenth claim in the pearls, precious stones and general merchandise of America.

The death is announced in St. Paul, Minn., of General Samuel D. Sturgis of the United States Army, who was a classmate of McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, Pickett and Stoneman at West Point. General Sturgis served both in the Mexican war and in the late Rebellion, and retired from active command at Fort Mead, Dakota, in 1886. He had a son killed in the Custer massacre.

Excursion to Washington.

The Triennial Conclave of the Knights Templar will be held in Washington, D. C., October 8th to 11th, 1889 and will be the largest gathering of its kind ever held in this country.

Excursion tickets will be sold to Washington from all stations on the B. & O. R. R. for all trains October 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th at the rate of one fare the round trip, valid for the return journey until October 31st, inclusive.

October is one of the pleasantest months in the year to visit Washington and inspect the magnificent public buildings, museums and monuments.

During the period of the conclave popular excursions will run by the B. & O. from Washington to Gettysburg, Harper's Ferry, Luray Caverns and other points of interest.

Passengers are landed in Washington at the B. & O. station, one block from the Capital. Guide books to Washington will be furnished upon application, by all B. & O. Agents.

General O. O. Howard has written an article for the young folk who read *Wide Awake*, which will also interest and enlighten their elders; we refer to the little paper in the October number entitled "How many Indians in the United States?" In the same number Miss Rose Kingsley, Charles Kingsley's daughter, has a valuable contribution about "The Boy who Invented the Telegraph"—Claude Chappe, a little French lad. Mrs. Goddard Orpen in the "Famous Stones" series, gives a very different page of French history in telling the story of "The Diamond Necklace." After expecting Mrs. White's Public School Cooking paper about dainty preparations for invalids, and the kindred one by Mrs. Cavazza about "Sleep Slippers" and Prof. Starr's "Geological Talk," and Mrs. Clafin's "Behavior" letter, the remainder of the number is given up to stories, poems and pictures, all of a most entertaining character. *Wide Awake* is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston.

Raw Materials.
All the products of the earth are, in their turn, finished commodity and raw material. Coal and ore are the finished commodity of the miner, and yet they are only the raw material of which iron is made. The latter is the finished commodity of the smelter, and yet it is the raw material of the puddler and of him who rolls the bar. The bar, again, is the raw material of sheet iron, and that, in turn, becomes raw material of the nail and the spike. These, in time, become the raw material of the house, in the diminished cost of which are found concentrated all the changes that have been observed in the various stages of passage from the rude ore—lying useless in the earth—to the nail and the spike, the hammer and the saw, required for the completion of a modern dwelling.—Cary, *Principles of Social Science*.

We may estimate, but it remains for the soil to demonstrate the value of a fertilizer. So then, instead of figuring upon arbitrary valuations, consider well the action of a phosphate. See that the manufacturers are reliable and their facilities adequate. We have heard of the acidulated S. C. rock being sold as pure bone, and of high estimated valuations being given it by certain officials. Do not be misled by fictitious names and values. Many farmers of experience consider acid rock injurious to land, and for that reason will not buy it at any price. They estimate it worse than useless. There seems to be a question between the scientific official and the practical farmer. This being the case, turn aside from questionable goods and invest your money in raw bone manures. Perhaps the most popular brand to-day is Baugh's Animal Bone \$25.00 Phosphate. Its actions for more than ten years have demonstrated an agricultural worth not exceeded by any of the high-priced or special crop manures, whose official value are estimated at \$35 and \$45 per ton. The address of Baugh & Sons Company is 20 South Delaware avenue, Phila.

Watt & Porter,
DENTISTS!
415 SWEDE ST., Norristown,
Opposite Court House,
Perform Every Operation Without Pain.
Gas administered for Painless Extraction, 50 cents.
TEETH, - - \$6, \$8 and \$10.00 PER SET.
Before going elsewhere make it a point to visit us, compare our work, prices; see testimonials.

NEW DRESS GOODS!
Coat Cloths and Jackets,
—FOR THE—
FALL AND WINTER OF '89-90.
—AT—
Howard Leopold's, Pottstown.

WE HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN RECEIVING from the Leading Importers of New York and Philadelphia the Choicest Variety of High Grades of DRESS GOODS ever shown in Pottstown. Among them are:
Finest French Serges at \$1.25 and \$1.50, in Plain Colors, and also in Handsome Plaids and Mixtures.
Fine French Henrietta Cloths in all the New Shades, 62½c., 75c., 87½c., 1.00 and \$1.25.
Fine English Henrietta, a yard and a quarter wide, for 50c.—a bargain.
New Side Band Cloths.
New Cloths in beautiful combinations of colorings in Stripes and Plaids.
New Shades in American Cashmeres. Pure Wool Filling, at 10c.
New Double Width Cashmeres, worth 25c.; at 22½c.
Elegant Styles in New Dress Gingham and Satenes.
New Choice Cloths for Spring Jackets in Colors and Blacks.
We have the best and finest line of JERSEY COATS, for the prices, to be found in America. We had them made to order by a leading manufacturer, who makes both the cloth and the garments, and sells them to only large dealers and manufacturers.

Howard Leopold,
POTTSTOWN, PA.

SHOEMAKER'S
—"OLD - RELIABLE"—

"SWIFT-SURE"
(TRADE MARK)
SWIFT. SURE.

SUPER - PHOSPHATE!
\$33.00 PER TON.
"ECHO," \$25.00.
"GOOD ENOUGH," \$30.00.
"TWENTY-THREE DOLLAR" PHOSPHATES, reduced to \$22.00.
Also, GROUND BONE, DISSOLVED BONE, BONE MEAL, ETC., \$33.00 PER TON.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND AND FOR SALE BY
L. B. WISMER,
NEAR DEPOT,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
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THE LARGEST
Assortment of Goods!
EVER OFFERED IN
TRAPPE!
We are constantly receiving New Goods, and have the largest assortment ever offered before.

Dress Goods!
DELAINES, CHALLIES, GINGHAMS.
PRINTS, AT BOTTOM PRICES.

CLOTHS and CASSIMERES
Was never More Complete.
TABLE LINENS and NAPKINS, TOWELING, HOSIERY, GLOVES.

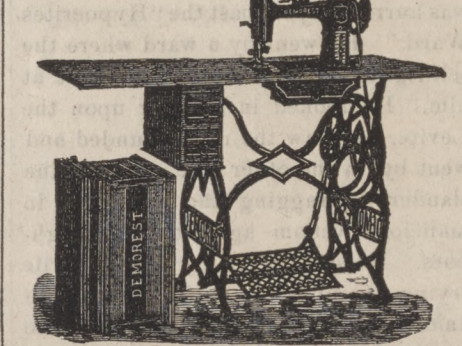
MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS!
In Complete Variety.
Special Bargains in Ladies', Misses', and Children's Shoes. Men's Fine Shoes! Men's Plow Shoes!

Large Stock of Summer Hats!
Queensware, Glassware, &c., Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Paints, Hardware, &c., &c.

GROCERIES:
Always the best. Choice Evaporated Peaches, 10c.; Prunes, 6c.; Canned Corn, 6c.; Canned Tomatoes, 5c.; Raisins, Apricots, Currants, coconuts, &c., &c., &c. Headlight Oil, 12c. per gallon.

Beaver & Shellenberger,
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A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE
FOR \$19.50.
(USUAL PRICE \$25.00), with all attachments. Money refunded if not as represented.

Direct from the manufacturers the
Snag - Proof Gum Boot!
No better made; every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Full stock of
Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.

Our ladies \$1.68 buttoned kid shoe has no equal. Fine kid infant shoes only 35c.

DRY GOODS:
Remnants of Canton flannel, 2 to 15 yards, only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12½c. if cut from piece. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting, 6c. yd. Fast color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. Cheviots, good, 4 yds. for 25c. 4 yds. toweling for 25c. An elegant feather bed ticking, 15c. yd. All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.95. Horse blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our 38c. Cassimeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10 to 15c. lb.

HATS AND CAPS.—Latest styles gents' stiff and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant Derby hat for \$1.50. A good every-day wool hat for 25c. Large assortment of neckwear, underwear, &c. A big drive in 25 inch umbrellas, 75c. Zellerey's hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

GROCERIES!
Have the finest line of table syrup in the market. Extra No. 1 fat new mackerel and mackerel in buckets, \$1.30. Fine white fish, 6c. lb. Pure white wine vinegar, 25c. gal. New York full cream cheese a specialty. Try a pound of Liberia Coffee, 32c. Extra fine flavor Rio Coffee, 25c. 37¢ Beautiful patterns of Oil Cloths at 55, 65, 85 and 95c. yd., 2 yds. wide. Always on hand fresh cement, calcined plaster, drugs, oils, paints, &c.

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Store Goods!

EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE.
Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cassimeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Hats, Caps, &c. and the

Largest Stock of Shoes
For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

Queensware
Crockeryware
Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.

—THE BEST—
FRESH GROCERIES
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash kept in stock.
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AT GOTWALS' STORE,
PROVIDENCE - SQUARE,
You will find just about what you want.
IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS

You can see over 200 different styles and qualities for Suits for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS and GINGHAMS, PRINTS and LAUNDS, FOR THE LADIES.
Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody.
Favorite Sewing Machine. Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for tailors work as well as for fine dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best Mixed Paints, (a guarantee sold with every gallon,) and in fact anything you want from a needle to not an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,

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GOLDEN BAKING POWDER, Strictly pure. Sold in bulk. CHAMOIS SKINS. BIRD SEED IN PACKAGES. We pack our own seeds and can supply you with the best in the market. Also

Strictly Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts.
ANTI GASP MIXTURE, For the prevention and cure of gasps in poultry. Is especially good during moulting season, invigorates the system and starts the fowls to laying sooner than without its use. POULTRY POWDER, Cures cholera, roup and kindred diseases in poultry. GRAY CONDITION POWDER, An excellent remedy for diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Increases appetite, promotes digestion, kidney and liver. Purifies the blood, removes humors, restores health to the system.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

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Over anything you had heard that you felt like rushing off and telling your friends? If you have ever found yourself in such a delightful situation you know about how a storekeeper feels when he has struck a big bargain and wants all his customers to participate in the snap. For instance, buying a thing worth a dollar and selling it for twenty cents.

We Have Bought Over Nine Hundred Pieces of Jet and Dull Bead Ornaments for Coats, Wraps and Dresses. The lot also includes a great variety of Braid Ornaments. Every woman knows what these things are and about what they used to sell for. When you see this great stock, none of them higher than 20 cents a piece and some as low as 3 cents, you will almost hesitate to TRUST YOUR EYES. Some of these ornaments sold formerly for \$1 and over, and you'll say so soon as you see them. Persons are often inquisitive and want to know how a dealer can reduce prices like this. We don't mind telling you in this case.

These Rich Ornaments are a Sampler's Lot!
They were kept so that jobbers might select from them, and are just as good and fresh as though they came from the original package.

Some women make their own WHITE APRONS. But not many will do so now since we have received a lot of 500, which we have marked at SEVENTEEN CENTS. They were never sold before for less than a quarter. These are not samples, but they are immense bargains.

2230! This is the number of yards of No. 9 Gros Grain Ribbon, reversible, satin edges, that we are exhibiting. Window 78 is full of it. You know what such Ribbon is sold for. It used to sell at 30 cents; now it's down to 12 cents a yard until the pile is exhausted.

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A special lot that we've been after for a month has just come in. There are 500 of them. They have plaited fronts and were sold at 85 cents. You buy them here for 57 cents.

Our Fall Display of Carpets is Ready!
May be you don't need a new carpet. Don't let that prevent you from seeing exhibition. Some of the new designs and combinations of color are prettier than pictures.

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—AT NO PERIOD OF—

Weitzenkorn's business life have the popular dealers shown a disposition to make their way through commercial life tramping on the corns of competition. If, therefore, what is said in this announcement should cause consternation in the ranks of the clothing dealers of this town, blame us not, for it is but the strict truth.

OUR aim has always been and will continue to be, not to discourage, vanquish and sweep out of existence our rivals, but to attract and delight the purchasing public. To-day we have much pleasure in saying we are thoroughly

Prepared for Fall Business!

Prepared with a stock of Men's Fall Suits and Overcoats, Boys' and Children's Clothing, Fall Furnishing Goods, Fall Hats and Caps, unequalled in this country; Bargains in every department of the store that will

Pale Face All Rivalry!

We are prepared and will SAVE YOU MONEY on any garment or article you buy

of us. Our 25 years of experience have taught us exactly what the people of this section of the country demand, what pleases them and what prices they are prepared to pay. Who, then, we ask, knows how to cater to you better than we do? As sensible people think our remarks over, and we're content to abide by your judgment. Our East Window is chock full of entirely new things for Fall. Prices are lower than we have ever named them. That means a great deal lower than anybody else will.

A. Weitzenkorn & Sons,
Pottstown's Foremost Clothiers.

THE COLLEGEVILLE
Meat & Provision Store
A Full Line of Fresh and Smoked Meats always on hand.
Hams, Shoulders and Dried Beef by the piece or chipped, and Bologna. Fresh Vegetables in season.
Give me a call.
J. WESLEY GOTWALS.
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—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—
BEEF, —
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Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
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Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

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Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of grey stone flagging.

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Dentistry a Specialty.
Symptoms are tossing of the head, tongue rolling, drawing on one rein, frothing at the mouth, discharge from the nose and eyes, abnormal growths, etc.
Diseases of all Domesticated Animals treated. Particular attention given to Lambs, Horses, and Lambs will be treated at the Infirmary if persons desire. Castration of Horses and Cattle. Special attention given to Surgical Operations. A first-class supply of Medicine always on hand. Telephone, Collegeville Exchange No. 1.
Office and Infirmary at my father's residence, near RAHN'S STATION, IRONBRIDGE P. O.

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PHOENIXVILLE P. O., Pa. Residence: Near Black Rock, Upper Providence, Montg. county, Pa. Will do my best to fill every engagement in a satisfactory manner. 10jly13

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PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,
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Always on hand.

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WITH W. H. BLANCHFORD, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Over 1000 pieces of paper and border in stock to select from. All the latest styles and novelties. Come and examine the stock. 20ju

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OFFICES: 1234 N. 10th St.
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Country work a specialty. PHILADELPHIA.
Estimates furnished. 28mr

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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

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IRONBRIDGE, PA. All kinds of blacksmith work done promptly and to the satisfaction of customers. Four new shoes, \$1.50. I will remain at the old stand at least one year longer, 4aply

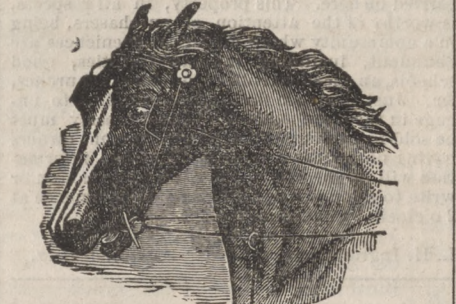
TIGER HOTEL,
4th and Vine Sts., Philadelphia.
This old and popular hotel still furnishes the best accommodations for man and beast. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Rates, \$1.50 per day, and from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week.
J. W. PLACE, Proprietor.
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Brushes, Soaps, Oils, Grease, Whips, Combs, Blankets, Robes, Lap-Covers, Fly-Nets.
All the Best Grades of Working and Driving COLLARS, at
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Call and examine our stock and ascertain prices before going out of your latitude to make your purchases. Repairing attended to promptly. The best material used.
Headlight Oil, Cigars and Tobacco.

John G. Detwiler.



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Including blankets, lap covers, whips, fly nets, &c. A full stock of collars always on hand, and all kinds of the best harness manufactured at short notice. Ordered work and repairing will receive prompt attention. 27jan17

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New Harness of every description made to order of the best material promptly. Good stock and good workmanship guaranteed. No matter what you may want in the line of harness or horse goods in general, I can furnish you with the same at right prices. Light and heavy Collars, Whips, Blankets, Horse Covers, Fly Nets, &c., &c.
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Promptly and neatly done. Favor me with your orders.
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MRS. S. L. PUGH.

TRAPPE, PA.,
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

Department of Agriculture.

PHOSPHATES IN GENERAL.
Much has been said of phosphates. Much indeed that is true. Their utility to the intelligent farmer is well established, and is disputed only by a few know-nothings. Regarding their relative value very little need be said. Their name is legend. No manufacturer of phosphate should be supposed to put out an article inert. It is only after any article has been tried and found valuable that its sales are increased to a paying degree, which degree could never be reached by manufacturing an inferior article. When, as sometimes a phosphate appears to fail, which is the exception rather than the rule, it may be due to the season or other causes which tend to modify growth. A good crop is dependent on more than proper fertilization.

Reasoning thus we may fairly say that, despite all that may be loosely said to the contrary, inert or useless phosphates are indeed rare. The only question affecting the average farmer is how to obtain the best fertilizer with the least cost; or in other words, does it pay to buy phosphate at the prices at which they are sold? Not every farmer can make sufficient manure to properly fertilize his land, and how can he best get it? Buying stable manure from the city may bring to a man's fields various weeds that are hard to exterminate. The question can, however, be answered only by our practical farmers. Manufacturers can produce the goods and show analysis of their various brands, (which to the average farmer is equal to Latin or Greek), but what manufacturer or vendor of phosphates can say to the farmers which, if any, of the many brands of fertilizers now offered for sale, will actually pay the farmer its cost in dollars and cents by increase of crops? That alone the farmer can determine. That the prices of phosphates are seemingly high cannot be disputed, and yet manufacturers tell us that they are hardly paid for their manufacture, and that they cannot produce the goods for less money. Having thus briefly considered the utility and price of phosphates, let us consider a few points regarding the place they are manufactured, as it affects their prices. Nearly all of the phosphates used by farmers are shipped over one or more railroads. The cost of transportation varies from one dollar per ton to several dollars per ton, according to distance, etc. Knowing then that the actual price of the goods is increased by the cost of transportation, does it not plainly follow that the nearer home the goods are made, providing the facilities for making them is equal, the less the cost will be, and that when shipped from distant States the cost of shipping largely increases the price which is always paid by the farmer who buys the goods? Our large cities have facilities equal to any of other States for the production of this now much used product, and the advantage of buying from factories near home is too plain to be disputed. It is equally plain that the cost of transportation, be it one dollar or five per ton, is added to the home price, which either increases the price of the goods or diminishes their real value to this amount, and in either case at the expense of the buyer. Owing to the scarcity of bones, &c., in the country, the facilities for producing phosphate are to cities incomparable.

DON'T NEGLECT THE PASTURES
In the press of farm work, it is very natural to give little or no thought or attention to permanent pastures. In some sections of the country, notable in New England, there are pastures that have been subjected to the task of supplying food for thirty to forty more years, with little or nothing being done to restore any exhaustive condition. Although the natural evacuations of animals are returned to the soil during the day, in case of milk cows, if yarded during the night, there is much that is not so returned, and as a consequence gradual exhaustion follows. Many pastures are selected because of their roughness and the impossibility of cultivation, and the only means of improvement comes from top-dressing. And because this can be accomplished with no great amount of trouble, it should not be neglected to the extent of impairing the feeding value of the pasture. Fine manure, bone meal, phosphate, ashes, or other fertilizing materials may be employed to good purpose.—Germantown Telegraph.

GOOD FALL PIGS.
Here is an item for the advocates of pig pork. It is on record that John Shepherd, of Wayne county, N. Y., recently killed six pigs which at six months old averaged 189 pounds each. The lightest weight was 160 and the heaviest 220, and the six were sold for \$85. It is not often that fall pigs can be made so good as this, and doubtless the warm winter greatly contributed to the result. The lot was not so even as the same litter would have been

if dropped in the spring and fed through summer and fall, but the average weight was a good one for pigs bred at any season only six months old.

MORE AND BETTER STOCK.
A Nebraska paper declares that the great need of the West is more stock to consume the grain surplus. That is true, but as it further avers the stock must be of higher grade than the average which now exists in the West. With cattle at present prices, even with extreme low prices of corn, there is no money in any thing except the best quality. In dairies and in good sheep, say of the middle-wooled variety, which are profitable for both wool and mutton, and in strictly first-class beef cattle, there is a fair profit. In eight-month pigs that will weigh 200 to 250 pounds, and two year old steers that run from 1,200 to 1,400 pounds, there is good profit. But there is nothing in scrubs. Better to sell corn even at 15 cents than to feed such.

MORE POTASH NEEDED.
Prof. White, of the New Hampshire Experiment Station, in Bulletin No. 6, discusses the necessity of potash, and expresses the opinion that more potash should be employed in the manufacture of commercial fertilizers. That while most of the ordinary superphosphates contain only about 4 per cent of potash, if the amount was increased to 10 per cent, it would be better, and the special potato fertilizers are valuable on that account. These suggestions are worthy of consideration by all farmers.—Germantown Telegraph.

PERKIOMEN CHIEF.
The Stallion Perkiomen Chief, bred by the famous Black Cloud, dam by Mambrino Pilot, will stand for limited service until October 30, at the farm of the undersigned, near Yorkes Station, Perkiomen Chief, is developing finely, has all the qualities that go to make up a number one horse, and only needs to be seen and examined to be admired. For terms, &c., apply to JOHN G. FETTEROLF, Yorkes, Pa. At home every morning until 9 1/2 o'clock.

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The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

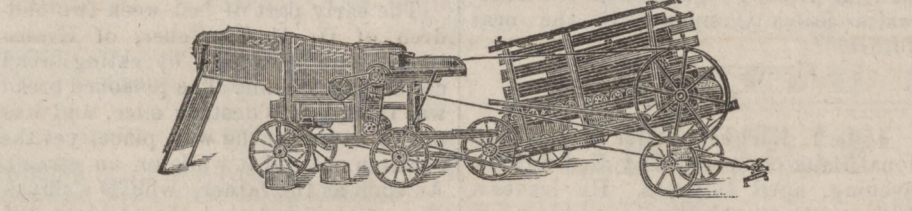
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SCRAP IRON!
Cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry: Machine cast, 50c. per 100; stove and plow cast, 35c. per 100; wrought scrap, 35c. per 100.
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HORSE - POWER THRESHER and SEPARATOR

—BUY THE—
New Model Horse Power
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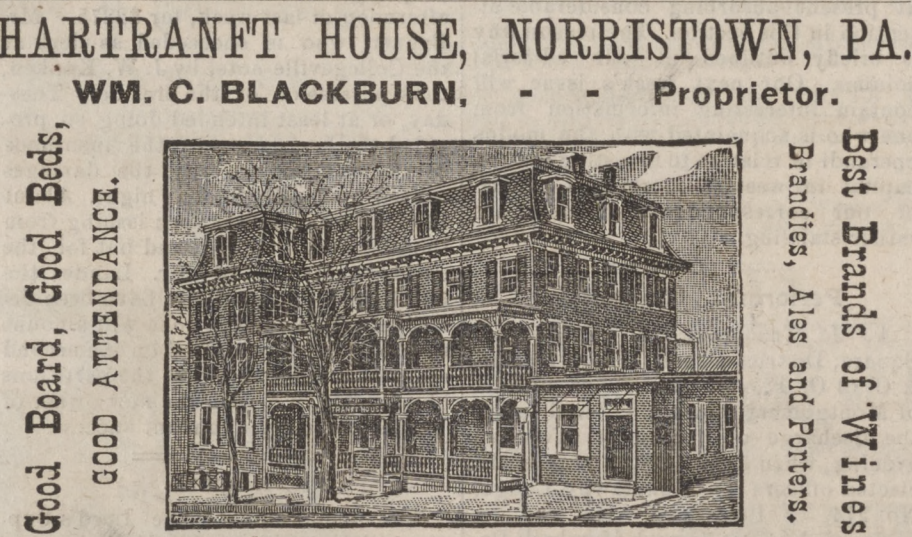
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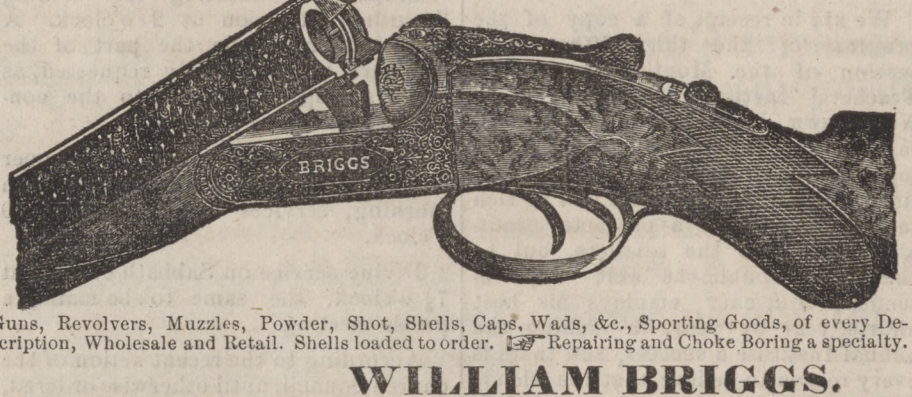
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All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombs. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, thus has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."

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